

Life

182
JULY 12, 1923

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Certified Grade A



They know why they prefer "B.V.D."

THE cool, keen, level-headed men who follow the world of sport and lead the world in comfort—they know the Unvarying Quality, Long Wear and Famous Fit of "B.V.D." Underwear, and make it a part of their formula for getting the most out of life.

From raw material to finished product we practice ceaseless care so that every "B.V.D." garment is of the quality that has brought world-wide preference for our product.

The cool, durable nainsook of "B.V.D." is woven in our own mills from selected cotton and finished in our bleachery.

In our factories vigilant inspection guards every process of skillful cutting, sturdy stitching, well sewn buttons and accurate finish.

*There is only one "B.V.D." Underwear
It is always identified by this Red Woven Label*



(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

Some of the Exclusive
(patented)
Comfort Giving
Features
that contribute to the
popularity of the
**"B.V.D."
Union Suit**

"B.V.D." shaped elastic insertions at shoulders and encircling waist make these cool, loose-fitting undergarments instantly responsive to your slightest movement. These ever-elastic insertions are knitted by us on spring needle machines from yarns spun from selected cotton in our own yarn mill.

"B.V.D." elastic reinforcement in the back of the waist band immeasurably strengthens the wear of the garment at the point of greatest strain.

The perfect "B.V.D." closed crotch completely covers the crotch and gives sufficient seat opening without surplus trunk length and uncomfortable needless material at crotch.

Union Suits
Men's, \$1.50 and upward
the suit
Youths', 85c the suit

**LOOSE-FITTING
"B.V.D."**

**Coat Cut Undershirts
and Knee Length
Drawers**

are the "standby" of
millions of men who
wear two piece
underwear

"B.V.D." is the constant choice of these men because they know that "B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers are correctly cut as to size and that there is a shapeliness to the garments that makes them hang smoothly and evenly with neither too much nor too little fullness.

The garments are tailored with noticeable balance and drape, retaining both, no matter how long worn or how often washed.

These "B.V.D." garments are reinforced at points of possible strain — all seams sewn with lockstitch throughout and cannot unravel.

**Undershirts and
Drawers**
85c and upward
the garment

Do Some Touring HERE This Summer



2,000 Miles of New Paved Roads

Drive into these new highways at any point, Toronto to Chicago, and you'll find new beauties and summer pleasures to attract you.

Not till this summer have fine roads been available through this delightful region, north of the older east-and-west highways. But now, whether you are planning your main route through this section or another, plan to include some part, at least, of this charming summer playground.

The Lake Erie-Niagara Falls Trail: From Toronto to Niagara and Buffalo—each of the three a center of a great vacation territory—is but the beginning. Through the lakes and resorts of western New York and of Northern Ohio are hundreds of attractions on both main routes and by-paths. Cleveland is another inviting point; many famous beaches and lake resorts are in easy reach as you drive on to Toledo and the north. At Detroit are innumerable playgrounds, and here is the door to the wonderland of Michigan resorts which you reach by *The Michigan Trail*. Any of these cities will easily provide a week's—or a fortnight's—delightful vacationing.

There are Three Statlers on Your Route

At Detroit and at Cleveland are thousand-room Statler hotels; and at Buffalo was recently opened the newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) which is the finest of them all. In Buffalo, Cleveland or Detroit you might well make The Statler your headquarters and spend some time in the vicinity of each city.

And Statler Service is Guaranteed

We guarantee that our employees will handle all transactions with our guests (and with each other) in the spirit of the golden rule—of treating the guest as the employee would like to be treated if their positions were reversed. We guarantee that every employee will go to the limit of his authority to satisfy the guest whom he is serving; and that if he can't satisfy him he will immediately take him to his superior.

From this time on, therefore, if you have cause for complaint in any of our houses, and if the management of that house fails to give you the satisfaction which this guarantee promises, the transaction should then become a personal matter between you and me. You will confer a favor upon us if you will write to me a statement of the case, and depend upon me to make good my promise. I can't personally check all the work of 6,000 employees, and there is no need that I should do so; but when our promises aren't kept, I want to know it.

My permanent address is Executive Offices,
Hotel Statler Company, Inc., Buffalo.

E. M. Statler

This Tour-Book is Free—Ask for It

Both the Lake Erie-Niagara Trail and the Michigan Trail are mapped, with running directions and other information, in a useful and interesting booklet which you can have for the asking.

TEAR THIS OUT AND MAIL IT

To Hotel Statler, Executive Offices, Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me the booklet on vacation tours.

Name _____

Address _____

HOTELS STATLER

BUFFALO: 1100 rooms, 1100 baths. Niagara Square. The old Hotel Statler (at Washington and Swan) is now called Hotel Buffalo; and the old Iroquois Hotel is closed, not to re-open.
CLEVELAND: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Euclid, at E. 12th.
DETROIT: 1000 rooms, 1000 baths. Grand Circus Park.
ST. LOUIS: 650 rooms, 650 baths. Ninth and Washington.
BOSTON: Now preparing to build at Columbus Ave., Providence and Arlington Sts.

STATLER

and Statler-operated

HOTELS

Hotel Pennsylvania New York

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On Seventh Avenue, 32d to 33d Streets, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Railway Terminal. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.



It had never occurred to him

HE seemed to have all of the qualifications for business success. Yet, somehow or other, he didn't advance as he should have. Something seemed to stand in his way.

The thing that held him back was in itself a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it is a handicap. And the pathetic part of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has given the smoker pleasure. Usually—and fortunately, however—halitosis yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Recognized for half a century as the safe antiseptic, Listerine possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat unpleasant breath. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is right. You know it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells a great deal of Listerine. For it has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Father's Damning Defect

SHE tortured her éclair with an adorable gesture, lowering her eyes. "You have guessed it," she said. "I'm not 'happy at home.'"

The young man across the table put down the ash tray he had been balancing.

"Your mother—she does not understand?"

"Not Mother; Mother is a dear. She is really a wonderful woman. She understands; why, she even understands the differences between the *Nation* and the *Freeman*. She can place the *New Republic*. That is exceptional for a woman who grew up in the Nineties. It's Father."

"But I thought—"

She stopped him with a wave of her fork.

"Yes; I know. Father is well-to-do, liberal, kindly and allows me every freedom. But he is good to me without knowing my point of view; I am certain he does not know I have a point of view. Think of the injustice. I am twenty years old; but Father does not give me intellectual credit...as one mind to another."

"But..."

She stopped him with a fine gesture of the lamp shade.

"You may not believe me," she said, "but Father does not even read a Column."

"My dear girl! This is awful."

"No; he not only does not read one. He doesn't even know what the Columns are in our national life; he doesn't really know they exist!"

She went on in a duller tone.

"I wouldn't mind so much if it weren't for the feeling that there is something wrong with our system, a system that permits a man to be successful, happy, even respected, without being actually aware of the significant things of our American life."

"So true."

"Well, enough of that. It's Father's only defect; but now you know why I am sad—thoughtful—sometimes. You must try to help me."

Among the ash trays two hands lay clasped in understanding.

McC. H.

The Country Week-end

GOLF clubs and rubbers of bridge, lemon juice cocktails and charades. Shared bath-rooms and knitted waistcoats, forgotten razor blades and trickling hot water. Sleeping porches and scrambled eggs, briar pipes and visiting neighbors, draughty hallways and private stocks. Conversations about roughing it, breakfasts in bed, guest-room stationery, watch dogs, billiards. . .the telegram from town, sent by the life-long friend, calling you home.



—the ideal vacation land

SWIM, canoe, golf, hike or rest in luxurious ease midst the scenic beauties of the "play-ground of the continent." Excellent hotel accommodations at a reasonable cost add to the pleasures of a vacation of health, sport and fun at any of Canada's wonder spots.

Dress UP or Rough It

Canada is a great vacation land. Interesting places, scenic woods and waters are found all through the land. Minaki, Great Lakes Cruise, Highlands of Ontario, Algonquin Park (2721 square miles, altitude, 2000 feet), Murray Bay, the Lower St. Lawrence. See Toronto the Queen City and the Thousand Islands. See the Capital City—Ottawa. See the "old world in the new" at Montreal and historic Quebec.

For Real Fishing, Hunting and Camping

Sportsmen and outdoor lovers will revel in virgin streams and big game country in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, Alberta and British Columbia.

Low Tourist Fares. Write for booklet 20 — mentioning district that interests you. Address the nearest Canadian National Railways office listed below.

BOSTON, 294 Washington St.
BUFFALO, 11 So. Division St.
CHICAGO, 108 West Adams St.
CINCINNATI, 406 Traction Bldg.
CLEVELAND, 522 Kirby Bldg.
DETROIT, 527 Majestic Bldg.
DULUTH, 438 West Superior St.
KANSAS CITY, 334 Railway Exchange Bldg.
LOS ANGELES, 503 So. Spring St.
MINNEAPOLIS, 518 2nd Ave. So.
NEW YORK, 1276 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 702 Finance Bldg.
PITTSBURGH, 505 Park Bldg.
PORTLAND, ME., Grand Trunk Station
SAN FRANCISCO, 689 Market St.
SEATTLE, 942 2nd Ave.
ST. LOUIS, 345 Merchants Laclede Bldg.
ST. PAUL, Cor. 4th and Jackson Sts.

Canada welcomes United States tourists.
No passports required.

Canadian National Railways



LOSS OF PRINCIPLE AND INTEREST
—Cornell Widow.

Robin Hood in Main Street

(Academy of Music: Douglas Fairbanks.)

SPEED up, speed up! More speed,
more speed!...
A knight now vaults upon his steed

But sooth to say we scarce descry
Whether 'tis Robin or Sir Guy.

Ha, now he has him! . . . Who has
whom? . . .
He's down! Who's down? . . .
Quick, quick! A room,

A moat, a throne, a stair, a cell,
A wall, a forest—piled pell-mell—

Mixed up with lances, arms and legs,
Pork chops and pincers, casques and
kegs;

And through it all *one* head a-bob-
bin';
Puck? Peter Pan . . . Why, no—it's
Robin!

It is, it was. He's gone again!
And where he stood three score lie
slain.

Now, Little John! . . . Why, no—
it's Will . . .
I say, who called the Forest *still*?

O ye who thumb the ancient pages,
And seek to see the Middle Ages. . .

Well, Doug, they say, is middle-aged,
Yet scarce the Robin that I paged.

These Movies move—we all agree.
Alas, they move too quick for me!

T. L.

Mail

THE congestion of our postal service leads to the natural inquiry: Why not abolish mail?

What does your mail amount to? Prospectuses, 20%; bills, 30%; assorted trash (wedding invitations, ads, complaints, bad news, etc.), 40%; love letters, ½ of 1%; magazines (which you could get anyhow at your favorite news stands and would appreciate more, having to get), 8%; letters from your friends (you are a bad correspondent yourself), 1%; checks, ½ of 1%.

The postal service must go. The high-paid postmasters and the underpaid mailman—alas—must go. I was expecting a check this morning. My half of one per cent. That's why I'm writing this: It didn't come.

E. J. K.



Prettier Teeth

If you fight the film

While you leave teeth coated with a dingy film, their luster cannot show. Look about you. Note how many teeth now glisten. And mark what they add to good looks.

The reason lies largely in a new method of teeth cleaning. Millions now use it daily. Accept this ten-day test we offer, and learn what it does for you.

Why teeth lose beauty

A viscous film clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush alone does not end it. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

So much film remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. Those cloudy coats hide the teeth's luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. That's why so few escaped tooth troubles.

Germs breed by millions in film. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. And that became alarmingly common.

Better methods now

Dental science studied long to correct this situation. It found two film combatants. One of them acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

methods by many careful tests. Then a new type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. In that were embodied these two film combatants for daily application.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. Leading dentists the world over now advise it. Careful people of some 50 nations are employing it today.

Multiplies two agents

Pepsodent does two other things which research proved essential. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

This test amazes

This 10-day test of Pepsodent amazes and delights. The results are quick and conspicuous.

Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

In one week you will realize what this new method means. You will see results which old ways never bring. Cut out the coupon now.

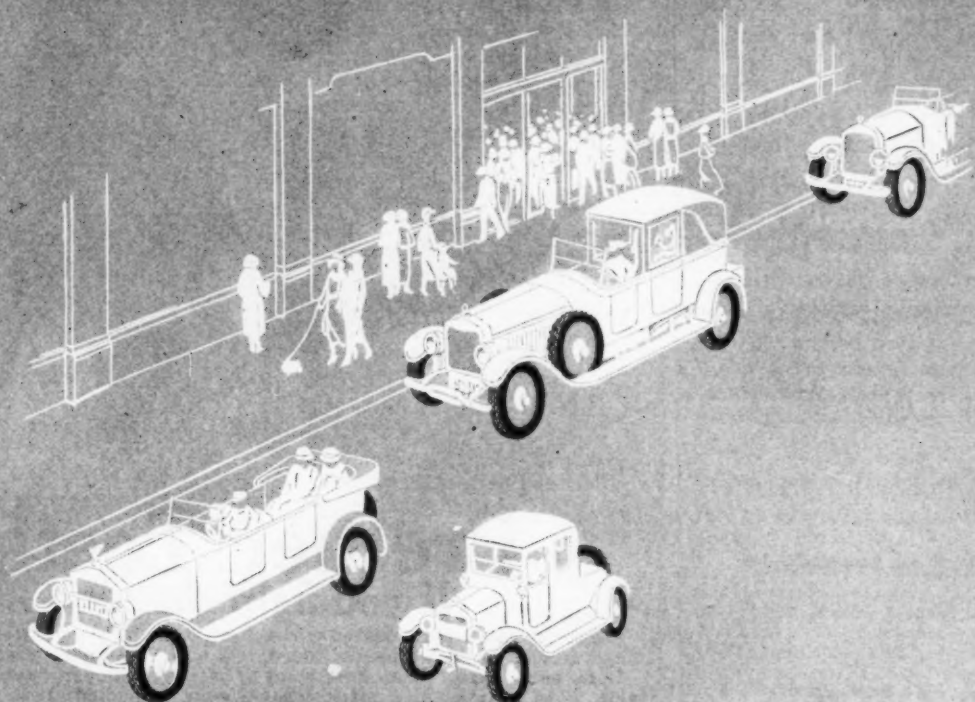
10-Day Tube Free 1197

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY;

Dept. 152, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



How Republic built **THE WORLD'S FINEST TIRES FOR YOUR CAR**

The entire Republic organization is sincere in its belief that Republic Grande Cords are the finest tires in the world. This belief has been proved by actual comparative tests.



The famous silent non-skid Staggard Studs that give absolute safety without that annoying hum common to many so-called non-skid tires.

Nor is it strange that they should be superior to other tires. Every step in their construction is taken with this ideal in mind. Engineers of nation-wide reputation design them,—the most skilled workmen build them,—only the highest grade materials are used. The silent non-skid Staggard Studs give the most perfect traction yet devel-

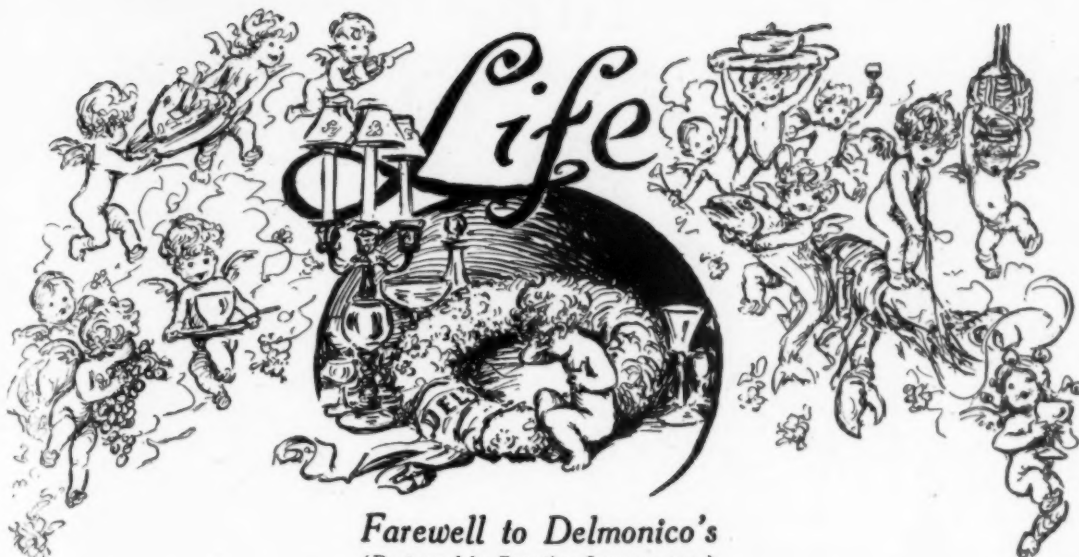
oped. Ebony black Prodim Processed Rubber brings long mileage.

Moreover, the man who drives Grande Cords not only runs the world's finest tires but he is assured expert and courteous tire service from the Certified Republic Dealer who supplies them. No dealer can handle Republic Tires unless he meets the rigid service requirements of Republic.

You can tell a certified Republic dealer by the Eagle Sign hanging over his doorway. Look for this sign.

REPUBLIC TIRES

With **SILENT NON-SKID STAGGARD STUDS**



Farewell to Delmonico's

(Destroyed by Fanatics, June 19, 1923)

COME all good New Yorkers, if any
there be
Who think of the days when our city was
free,
And tell me if aught in your memory dwells
More fragrant and fair than your table at
Del's.

How gaily our candles we burned at both
ends!

The waiters were barons—but still were
our friends,
And brave were the gallants and bright were
the belles

Who nodded and smiled at the tables at
Del's.

Good fellowship, courtesy, comfort were
there;

Your scandalous cocktail was blended with
care,

And cold were the oysters and deep in their
shells

That gleamed on the snow of your table at
Del's.

And when from your filet so tenderly brown
You turned to your window to beam on the
town,

A bottle of wine from the underground cells
Appeared at the side of your table at Del's.

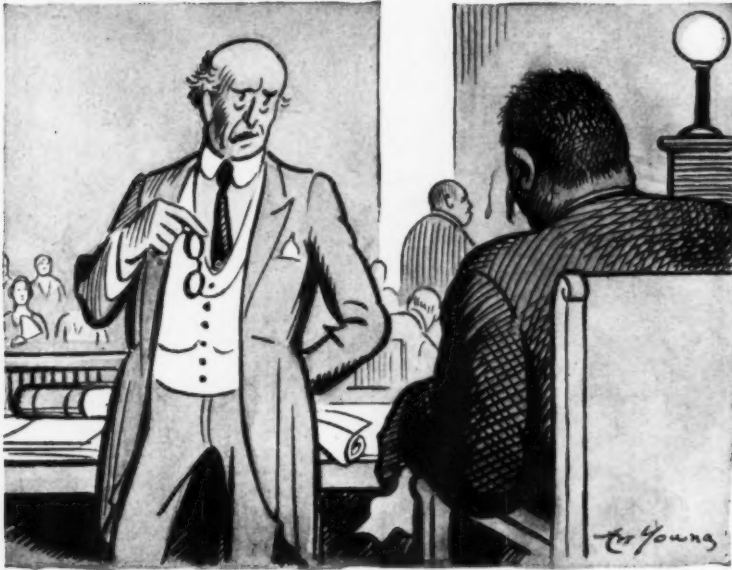
No more may a man take his ease at his inn;
What once was a virtue is changed to a sin,
And Progress is tolling the drearest of knells:
Adieu and adieu to the table at Del's!

Must all that is gracious and generous pass?—
Then, counseled by Omar, we'll turn down
a glass

And gather a garland of sad immortelles
To lay with a sigh on our table at Del's.

Arthur Guiterman.





Lawyer (to rattled witness): DID YOU, OR DID YOU NOT, ON THE AFOREMENTIONED DAY, TUESDAY, JANUARY NINETEEN, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX, FELONIOUSLY AND WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT LISTEN AT THE KEYHOLE OF THE THIRD FLOOR REAR APARTMENT THEN OCCUPIED AS A RESIDENCE BY THE DEFENDANT IN THIS ACTION ON NINETIETH STREET NEAR PARK AVENUE, AND DID YOU NOT ALSO ON THE FRIDAY FOLLOWING THE TUESDAY IN JANUARY BEFORE REFERRED TO IN THE YEAR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX COMMUNICATE TO YOUR WIFE THE INFORMATION ACQUIRED AND REPEAT THE CONVERSATION OVERHEARD AS A RESULT OF YOUR EAVESDROPPING ON THAT OCCASION WITH THE RESULT THAT THE GOSSIP OF YOUR WIFE GAVE WIDE AND FAR CURRENCY TO THE OVERHEARD CONVERSATION BEFORE MENTIONED? DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT? ANSWER YES OR NO.

Witness: HUH?

No Place Like—

"WHAT is Home," I remarked to my wife the other night, "without Home Cooking?"

Whereupon I dashed out to the corner store, and purchased:

1 Pound of Grandma's Home-Cured Herring.

2 Loaves of Mother's Home-Made Bread.

1 Can of Uncle Si's Home-Laid Eggs.

1 Bottle of My Wife's Home-Preserved Pickles.

1 Can of Mrs. Maguiness's Home-Brewed Vegetable Soup.

And 4 Pieces of Aunt Prue's Pumpkin Pie.

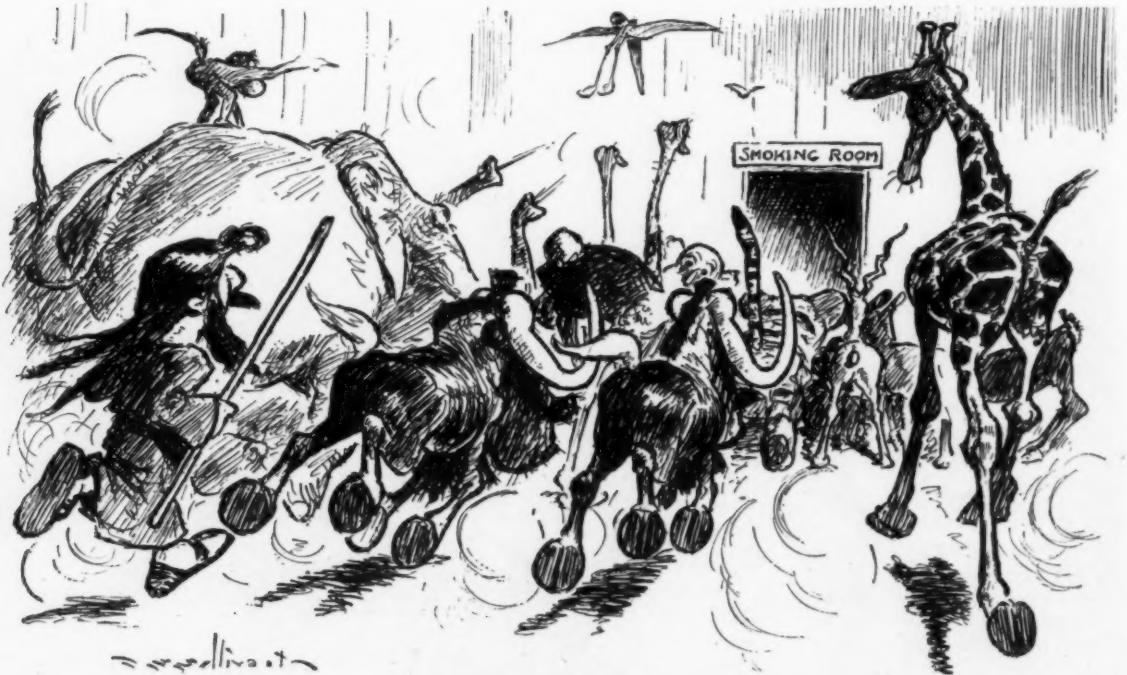
"Well," I sighed, when I had finished the repast and was wiping my fingers after a third piece of Aunt Prue's pastry, "there is no cooking like Home Cooking!"

"Especially," replied my wife brightly, "when you can get it so cheap at the delicatessen!"

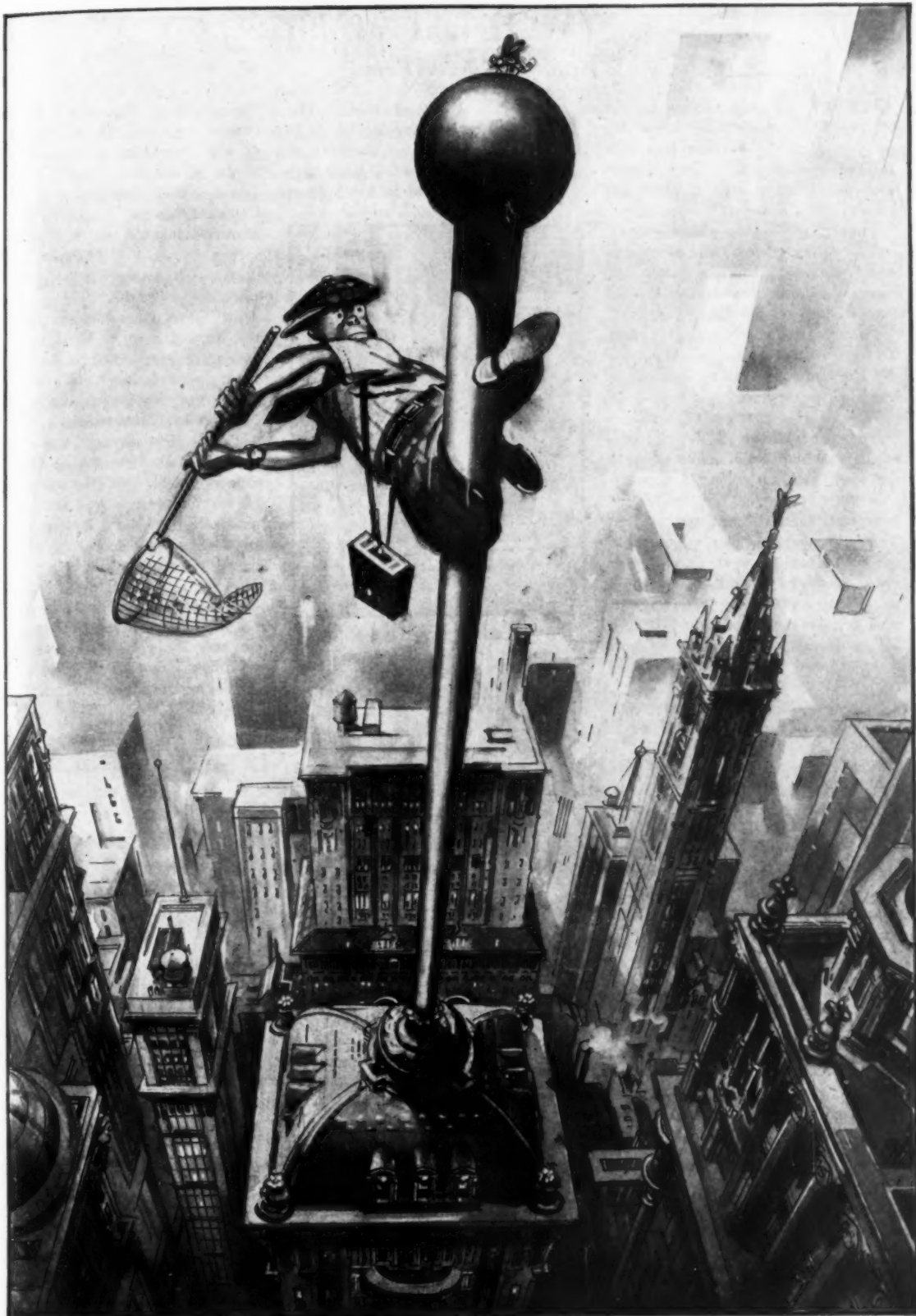
Cyril B. Egan.

THE Province of Quebec makes a square yard of concrete road out of the profits from every quart of liquor sold to American bootleggers.

American highways, however, are still paved with good intentions.



IF NOAH HAD LIVED IN 1923
THE ARK PASSES THE THREE-MILE LIMIT.



THE NATURALIST

The Height of Bliss

By Beatrice Herford

SCENE: A tiny cottage on the roof of a thirty-story building in New York City. There is a little garden with boxes of gay flowers and under an awning a table and chairs, and a hammock.

Time: Early morning in August.

THE WIFE (leaning out of a casement window): What a heavenly morning! Could anything be lovelier than the sun on the Bush Terminal!

THE HUSBAND: Nothing! Unless it's this bath I'm having—How far did Mary say they had to walk to the beach where they are?

WIFE: Three-quarters of a mile—

HUSBAND: I hope she'll write often; if anything could make me love the town more, it's Mary's letters—

WIFE: If you're not ready for breakfast, dear, I'll just run over to Third Avenue and get some of those delicious string beans they have fresh every morning—How I wish I could send Mary some—I mustn't forget to send her the canned peas, and I think I'll put some insect powder in with them, she said the sand fleas were awful.

HUSBAND: What next! Last week you sent mosquito netting and witch hazel—

WIFE (putting on her hat): I'll see if I can get some of those nice fish again—weren't they delicious?

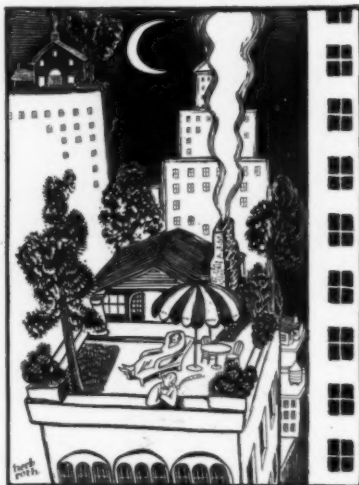
HUSBAND: Yes, I don't believe there's as good fishing anywhere as on Third Avenue. And please bring a package of that sea salt, I've just used the last—You know the kind, it has "Let the Ocean come to you" on it. Did I tell you I found a piece of wreck in the water yesterday? I think I shall write a poem on "Ships that pass in the bath."

SCENE II.

Evening — The Wife is reclining on a long straw chair, the Husband is leaning on the wall that encloses the roof, smoking. The scent from the flower boxes is almost overpowering.

HUSBAND: What an evening! The lights on the river are lovely. (The sound of a guitar from the roof of a twenty-six-story building floats up.)

WIFE: I had another letter from



"WHAT AN EVENING! THE LIGHTS ON THE RIVER ARE LOVELY."

Mary this afternoon, when we go in I'll read it to you.

HUSBAND: Better not. I couldn't bear to be more content than I am.

WIFE: She says that the mosquitoes are something frightful, and the people in the next cottage have a cheap victrola going till twelve o'clock—every night.



"I DON'T BELIEVE THERE'S AS GOOD FISHING ANYWHERE AS ON THIRD AVENUE."

HUSBAND: Did she say they'd had any lobsters yet?

WIFE: No, she can't get any, they send them all away.

HUSBAND: That was a delicious one we had to-night, poor Mary! I think we'll have one every night while they're so cheap.

WIFE: Well, I'm getting so sleepy, I think I'll go in, I'm going to have another blanket, I was cold last night.

HUSBAND: All right, dear, I shall sleep out here, there won't be many more nights I can.

THE WIFE (hesitating at the door and then turning back): There was something Mary said in her letter, darling, that I didn't tell you, I was afraid to, afraid you'd want to.

HUSBAND: Want to what?

WIFE: She says they've decided to come back to town on the 20th and we could have the cottage for the rest of the month. (She looks at him in an agony of suspense.)

HUSBAND: My dear, nothing could induce me to leave this spot, how could you ever imagine such a thing—

WIFE: Well, it will be getting cooler up here all the time now, and you hate the cold so, I was afraid you might want to run down there and get warmed up.

To Fathers

BE prepared, when your young son returns from Summer Camp, to incur his hidden but immeasurable contempt because you on your own confession can not hold your breath under water for forty-nine seconds, nor tell the points of the compass by your watch, nor set a broken leg with two sticks and a handkerchief, nor even start a fire with wet wood. There is only one way to regain your son's respect, and that is to eat seventeen flapjacks for breakfast.

THE Newport then that recently went on a

rampage, terrorizing a coop, breaking eggs, and finally killing a rooster, evidently was one of those Rhode Island Reds.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

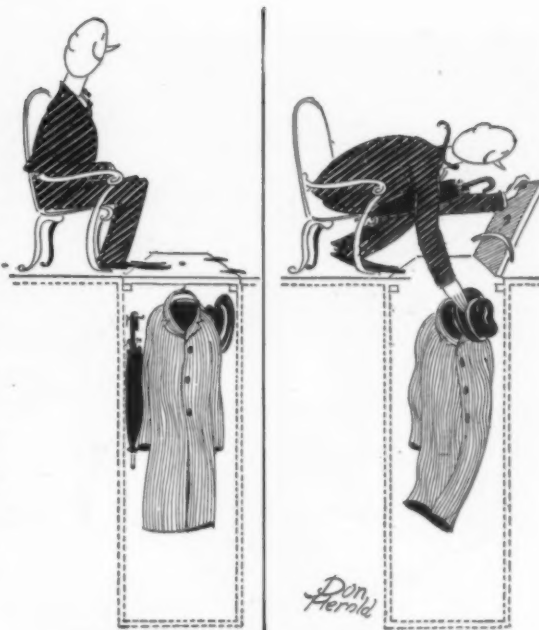
July
5th

An invitation by the first post to the marriage of William Nashe, and Sam, in high glee that his crony hath been caught at last, did remind me that we must do better by him than a mustard pot, nor will he ever leave off teasing me for having once sent such a wedding gift. And he did recall how Billy, to rid himself of one undesirable attachment, told the young woman that he had gone into the secret service and could write and receive no letters nor talk upon the telephone, and thereafter, whenever he would drive through Flushing, where she dwelled, he would pause at the outset of every block and scan it carefully before proceeding....To shop this day with our cousin Amy, always a tedious business, for she hath an idea that the merchants are out to swindle her, and requires more time to purchase a bed jacket than it would take me to assemble a trousseau. To a tearoom for luncheon, but I had liefer gone with naught and been spared looking at the china and decorations. The Lord deliver me from quaintness in any manner soever!

July
6th

Sam off for Buffalo on an early train, and Amy to spend the day with our Aunt Caroline, so forth early with Marge Boothby to search for an apartment, and we much amused at the

(Continued on page 36)



ANOTHER THEATRE PROBLEM SOLVED

NO MORE CHECKING YOUR HAT AND COAT AT THE DOOR. UTILIZE THE WASTE SPACE UNDER THE SEATS FOR INDIVIDUAL HAT AND COAT CELLARETTES.



Popular Novelist (discussing his forthcoming work): FRANKLY, I'M UP AGAINST IT.

I SIMPLY CANNOT FIND A VULGAR SYNONYM FOR BIRTH.



"WHAT DO YOU PUT IN YOUR BOOK, LITTLE BOY?"

"OH, IMPORTANT FACTS."

"WHAT, FOR INSTANCE?"

"OH, NUMBERS OF AUTOMOBILES AND ELEVATED TRAINS."

Why Is It—

THAT the evening you planned for a quiet one is usually a Rip Snorter?...that the day you go to the country it always rains?...that all plans made between 1 and 6 A. M. never materialize?...that every time you are taken to the theatre you have seen the play before?...that after you have given the waiter the order, you always discover on the menu a far more appetizing dish?...that yesterday's newspaper seems ages old?...that you can never remember the singularly brilliant thought that struck you the other morning in the bath?...that whenever you are in a hurry every thoroughfare turns out to be a one-way street of the opposite direction?...that you can never tell what a woman is going to do next?

MOST modern financial men would rather have their golf scores below par than their stocks above.

Life Lines

WHAT this country needs most, if one can judge from the vocal uproar of its inhabitants, is a few more bananas.

Many a successful jazz composer has made the grade from rags to riches.

The National Democratic Convention will probably be held in New York. The Republican Convention will be held in the White House.

All of the criticism against Mr. Harding seems to be traceable to the fact that he'd rather be trite than be President.

"Where," asks a British contemporary, "will our ships store their liquor when they reach the three-mile limit?"

They might adopt our country club system and keep the hooch in Davy Jones's Locker.

And now someone has discovered a ray that will shut off the force of gravity. This may revolutionize the collar-button-under-the-bureau joke.

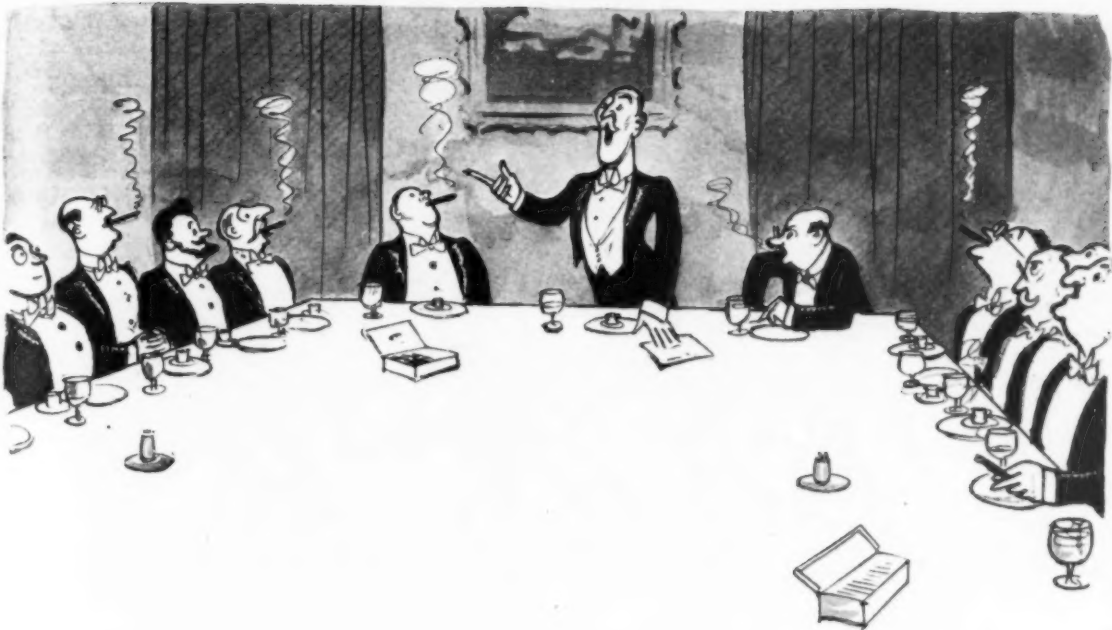
Most of the men who have been operating bucket shops are now located in the jug.

To travelers setting sail for Europe: "Bun Voyage!"

PRESIDENT Harding must have been glad the Alaska trip came so soon after the Al Lasker trip.



"YOU MIGHT DRAW DOWN THAT SHADE, DOC. I HAVE RATHER A VIVID IMAGINATION."

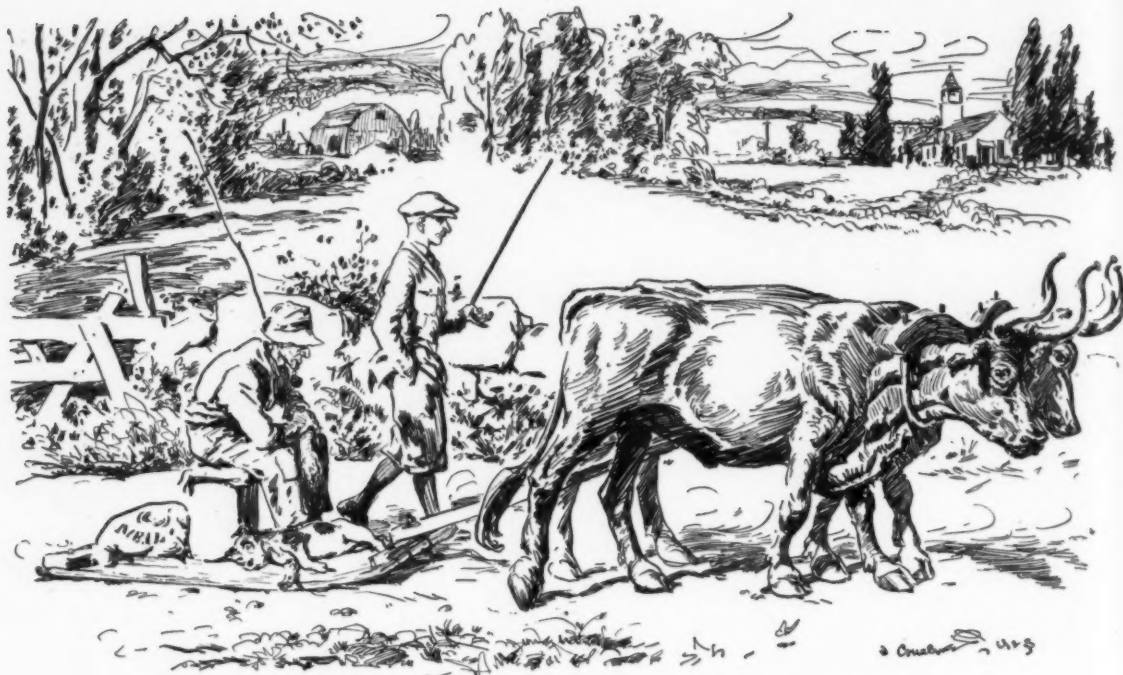


THERE ARE ANY NUMBER OF UNFORTUNATES WHO MUST SUFFER THE TORTURES OF DRESSING AND DINING OUT IN ORDER TO LISTEN TO THEIR FAVORITE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER, WHEREAS—



SOME OF US NEED NO MORE PREPARATION THAN THAT PRESCRIBED IN EVERY WELL-APPOINTED HOME.

ADVANTAGES OF THE RADIO



"DON'T YOU FIND TWO MILES AN HOUR A BIT SLOW?"
 "WELL, I DUNNO! IT KEEPS A FELLER FR'M GITTIN' RECKLESS."

Saying It With Flowers

THE selection of floral emblems has become a delicate and difficult task. Competition runs high. There was a time when the great body of Americans put forward with anguished intensity the claim of the golden-rod to be our national flower because it grew everywhere, while a sturdy opposition held out for the Columbine because it was spelt like—or nearly like—Columbia. But only a year ago, a Congressman from New York rejected both these candidates in favor of the daisy. The modest and unassuming character of this pretty weed struck him as closely symbolizing the nation; and he introduced a bill in the House to propose its official recognition.

For the past decade, state legislators have from time to time put aside trivialities, like schools, and taxes, and Prohibition enforcement laws, and turned their attention to the really serious question of choosing a state flower. It has been hard work. Children have been bidden to vote, and have voted. Ladies' clubs have been asked for suggestions, and have given them. When Georgia selected the Cherokee rose, the press of the country unanimously commended her choice; and a few people, who had chanced to read American history, thought that "Cherokee" was the word of all words which she would naturally have preferred to forget.

That Mother's Day should be represented by a white carnation, and Decoration Day by a poppy seems right enough in the eyes of the heedless citizen to whom one flower is as emblematic as another. But now comes along Miss Jarvis, who invented Mother's Day, and who wants to bar the carnation because of profiteering florists. Following her comes Dr. Lewis Battle, who wants to bar

the poppy because narcotics can be made from it, and because red is unfortunately the color of blood. It suggests battle and carnage rather than sweetness and light.

These are painful perplexities. What about the dandelion for Mother's Day? It would be hard to corner the dandelion market in May. As for the poppy—well, if the soldiers whose graves we decorate had shrunk too sensitively from the color of blood, there would be no Decoration Day. The Southern States would have peacefully seceded, Germany would have peacefully occupied the United States, and we should all be living in clover.

Happy thought! Why not the clover, emblem of prosperity, to stand for everything?

Agnes Repplier.

From the Mouths of Parents

(History That Must Have Been.)

"YES, our little Saul has such a sweet disposition. He wouldn't say a cross word to any one."

"Salome is a little angel. She does everything out of consideration for others."

"Judas is going to be a great man some day. He has such a knack of making friends."

"Cleopatra takes after me, a typical home girl. And as for boys—she can't see 'em."

"Nero has a heart of gold. He wouldn't hurt a fly."

"Nobody can say that my little Attila started a fight. He's a perfect little gentleman."

"My little boy is going to be president some day. Aren't you, Benedict, dear?"

Letters You Never Write

DEAR MR. TIBBETSON:

Won't you dine with us on Thursday at eight o'clock? There will be just a few of us and we do so want to see you again. Harry will feed you several very potent cocktails before dinner and then ply you with his entire pre-war stock. Thus, under the guise of hospitality, we sincerely hope to worm out of you the proposed policy of Amalgamated Almonds Preferred. We are both in it up to our necks. Do come.

Yours deceitfully,
MARGARET FLINDERLY.

DEAR GEORGE:

Just a line to let you know that wild Rolls-Royces couldn't drag me to the club dinner on the twelfth of next month. Such "gaiety" is not for me. How easily I picture Sanderford gabbling about the "old bar" and Fripps getting off several long-winded, pointless golf anecdotes. Then you will sit around and gaze into the coffee and cigar ashes until Ferguson or Grayweather will sigh and murmur something about the "good old days."

No, George, I'm off funerals. Death is too long.

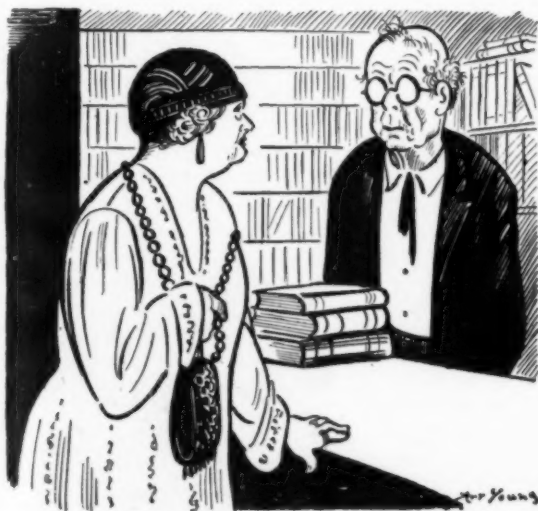
Yours merrily,
GERRY.

MY DEAR MR. DARRINGFORD:

I know so well that you do not care for any tickets for the Benefit Performance of "Sweet William," presented by the Senior Class of Miss Prime's School for Young Ladies. Furthermore, I am fully aware that you detest amateur theatricals in each and every of their phases. Still, I am enclosing six tickets at five dollars apiece. It seems a rotten trick on my part, but, you see, I have been made a member of the School Board Patroness Committee.

Don't think me unkind. Burn the wretched tickets.

Yours truthfully,
VIOLET CROSSWAITE.



"HAVE YOU GOT 'BLACK OXEN'?"

Country Book Dealer: NO, BUT I'VE GOT MOORE ON
"THE DISEASES OF CATTLE."



Pepper

G. PEPPER of Penn. is a model for men;
A bulwark in peace or in war,
With character rounded and solidly founded
On learning and logic and law.
When Senators bicker of tariff or liquor,
As Senators will now and then,
The speediest stepper is certainly Pepper,
George Wharton Pepper of Penn.

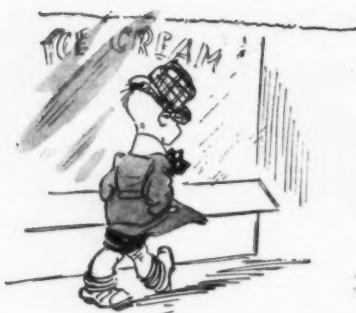
Let me further explain that in spite of his brain
He's an athlete, as every one knows,
And if questions logistic evolve toward the fistic
He's always right there on his toes.
With these multiple talents of brain power
and Balance
Who is there, I ask, in the Sen.
Who can stack up with Pepper, the mental
Mazeppa,
George Wharton Pepper, of Penn.!

George S. Chappell.

Kisses Are Like Money

EVERYBODY wants plenty. The more you get, the more you want. They are payable on demand and good for face value. Some are counterfeit. Some come in small denominations, others in large. Some people are stingy with them, others extravagant. They can't always buy happiness.

Kisses are like money, only sweeter.



"OH, BOY! THAT'LL BE THE FIRST
SODA IN THREE DAYS."



"HEY, SKIPPY! YOO HOO!"
"JUST MY LUCK. I'LL NEVER
GET RID OF HIM."



Georgie: HOW'S THE WORLD
TREATIN' YA, SKIPPY?
"OH, SO! SO!"



Georgie: BEEN PLAYIN' MUCH
BALL LATELY?
"UH! HUH!"



"HAVE YA BEEN DOWN TO THE
CRICK?"



"SAY, LET'S GO DOWN, THE
WATER'S GREAT."
"NAW—YOU GO DOWN."



"AH! I DON'T WANTA GO ALONE."
"YA MOTHER'S CALLING YA."



"NO SHE AIN'T! SHE WENT TO
THE CITY."



Skippy (aside): OH, IF I COULD
ONLY THINK OF A TERRIBLE
INSULT.



"OH! HERE COMES POP. JUST
THE MAN I WANT TO SEE—WAIT
HERE A MINUTE, SKIPPY."



"SKIPPY! LOOK! A QUARTER!
POP SAYS I'M TO BUY YOU A
SODA, TOO."



Skippy: WE'LL HAVE TO GET TO-
GETHER OFTENER, GEORGIE.

Roughing It

*SCENE: A Long Island thicket.
Time: An afternoon in summer.
Characters: Two gentlemen and two ladies.*

FIRST GENTLEMAN

There's nothing like the wilds, is there?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Nothing in the world. Splendid caviar, this.

FIRST LADY

Perfectly delicious. How charming nature is in the rough!

SECOND LADY

Isn't it. These are excellent pâté sandwiches.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Everything tastes so good in the wilderness. Do have another glass of champagne.

FIRST LADY

Thanks. Outdoor life is so wonderful.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Magnificent. Where are the cigars?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

There's a box of Coronas under the case of marrons. How I love the quiet of the woods!

FIRST LADY

Isn't it delightful. Shall we start the phonograph?

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Yes, let's. We brought a stack of new records along.

SECOND LADY

I adore these scented cigarettes in a place like this.

FIRST LADY

I've smoked three cases already.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Suppose we'd better be getting back to the club.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

By George! That's right.

FIRST LADY

We've been gone ever since half-past eleven. And it's almost three o'clock now.

SECOND LADY

Here comes the car. Let's not bother about the dishes.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Certainly not.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

There's nothing like the wilds, is there? *Charles G. Shaw.*

Superfluous

"DO you believe the Prohibition Act will ever be repealed?"
"What for?"



May: AND HOW'S YOUR FATHER?

Fay: NOT SLEEPING VERY WELL. HE HEARS ME EVERY NIGHT WHEN I COME IN.

Jonesville Enjoys the Circus

"I'M going to bed early to-night," remarked the gray-haired traveling salesman wearily. "I went to the circus with an old customer over in Jonesville yesterday and I'm all in. We went with a party from the Jonesville Chamber of Commerce, all of them go-getters. You know, I had always gone to the circus to be amused and to relax. I expected to have some fun. But those fellows sat there and counted the crowd and figured up the day's business, worked it out into weeks, subtracted the expenses and computed the income tax. They took an inventory of the lemonade stands. They estimated the cost of feeding the horses. They checked the number of performers against the program and worried when a ring-

ful refused to check. They counted the number of times Lily Leitzel turned over on her perch and had a hot argument over whether she had left one turn out. They audited the elephants and certified the clowns.

"Driving back from the grounds they worried about whether the owners made six per cent. net. I got my host to drop me downtown as soon as possible so I could go into a movie and get some rest. I'll catch up with the circus in Peoria and then I'm going again." *McC. H.*

STANDARD OIL may share its profits with its employees. In fact, by giving them enough to buy cars the company hopes even to turn a small profit.



JULY 12, 1923

VOL. 82, 2123

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by
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PERHAPS it was because the times are a bit dull that the Meiklejohn episode at Amherst got so remarkable a notice. We had heard often before of Amherst College and of Dr. Meiklejohn who had done remarkable things as its president for seven or eight years, but heretofore neither of them had been first-page copy in the newspapers for a week. Everybody now knows Dr. Meiklejohn's picture. His writings and his sayings have been explored to discover what was on his mind. People have been interested not so much because they are fond of gossip, nor because there was a row between a college and its president and they wanted to know who would get hurt, as because they had an appetite for the opinions of an exceptionally intelligent man as to what was true about life in this world at this time, and wanted to understand why those views or the action proceeding from them conflicted with the management of a college and the conception of the trustees of their own duties.

It was very interesting and is still very interesting. Just now with the presidential election coming next year and a lot of questions unsolved and a man-hunt on for a man who can solve them, such a resounding advertising as Dr. Meiklejohn has had seems a thing that ought not to be wasted. The world needs leadership. Here at Amherst was quite a good bit of leadership that after years of distinction and intellectual success has been rejected by men who did not fail to appreciate it, but thought they found it incompatible with the prosperity of an organization.

It looks as though presently Dr. Meiklejohn ought to run for something. When he talks or when he writes he makes very good reading. People hear him gladly and read him gladly whether they agree with him or not, because he seems to have ideas and they want to understand them. The most urgent problem of the world nowadays is the relations of men—what they are, what they ought to be, and how we can improve them. That is a subject on which Dr. Meiklejohn's mind seems to work, just as it was a subject on which Dr. Woodrow Wilson's mind seemed to work.

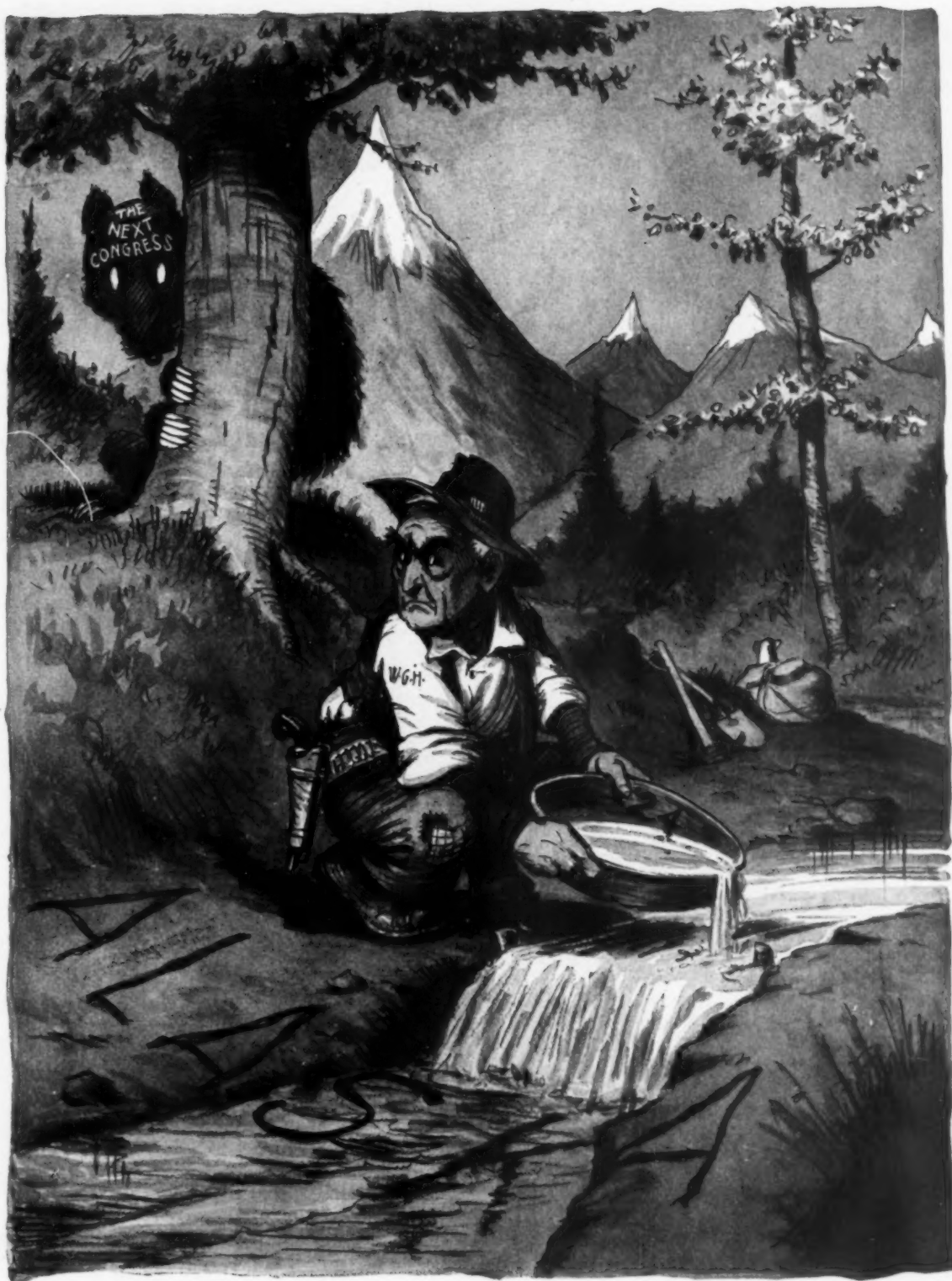
Probably Dr. Meiklejohn is well out of the job of being a college president. A man whose business is with thoughts and the discovery and dissemination of truth is pretty sure to get into trouble in an employment which calls for a good head for figures, and administrative talents. Administrative abilities and the passionate pursuit of truth are apt not to come in the same package.



WE have had Dr. Meiklejohn's discourses. We have also had several discourses from President Harding. The newspapers have given abundant space to both. Mr. Harding has a plan about the co-operation of railroads in different groups that may be useful, but that has not been so much discussed as his St. Louis speech about the divorcing of the World Court from the League of Nations. He is as strong as ever for the World Court and as much as ever opposed to any kind of relation with the League of Nations. He objects to the relation the World Court now

sustains to the League in that it is by the League machinery that its judges are appointed. He thinks it would be much better for the Court to be self-perpetuating. The papers said that Col. Harvey visited the President just before he set out on his journey and possibly he assisted him to this idea of a self-perpetuating Court. Col. Harvey is a very helpful man and the President has had his assistance before, and it comes easy for him to receive it. All the same, though Mr. Harding makes great claims to consistency, and insists that his present ideas are the same ideas that he always had, the impression that he has conveyed is that of wobbling—of a talent like that of the boa-constrictor in the old menagerie song who could "swallow himself, crawl through himself, come out with great facility; tie himself up into a double bow knot, and snap his tail with great agility." Unlike Dr. Meiklejohn, Mr. Harding is deeply impressed with the need of getting on with enough of his constituents to hold his job, which is indeed the recognized duty of all serious politicians. We must be patient with him for he has a hard road to travel. When he said in his St. Louis speech that the League was as dead as slavery, he waked up a lot of hornets. The League is not dead and an important section of Mr. Harding's constituents know that it is not and are strong for it. Nevertheless there is uncertainty among many former supporters of the League about what it amounts to now and what is the right American policy in relation to it. Conditions have changed since 1920 and the case of the League will have to be reargued if we are ever to join it. Or perhaps there will come along a jolt sufficiently impressive to bring back the state of mind we had when Mr. Wilson got back from Paris.

E. S. Martin.



THE PROSPECTOR







Summer Rates

EACH year there is a strange Messiah-complex manifested at the end of the first act of Mr. George White's "Scandals." He seems to feel that it is his mission, as the producer of a summer revue, to bring some Great Message or other to the world, to bring down his first-act curtain on a scene which will send the audience out into the lobby shaking their heads and saying to each other: "By George, Moe, I am going to write to Congressman Minnick to-night about this thing."

One year it was the Free Passage of American Ships through the Panama Canal to which Mr. White devoted the services of his shapely young ladies. It was a powerful and stirring sight to see them, and brought home to many a roisterer in the audience who had come out merely for a good time that there is something more than just fun and frolic in being an American. We forget whether or not the Newfoundland Fisheries case has ever been taken up in a serious way by Mr. White. At any rate, this year it is Prohibition, and the New York *World* itself couldn't write a more bitter editorial than that which is delivered by Mr. Johnny Dooley in the character of *Peter Stuyvesant* on the gross injustice of depriving a free citizenry of its right to beer and light Scotch.



SOME day, when all the stirring issues of the day are settled, Mr. White will produce an entertaining show, for each year he gets better comedy, or rather, each year his comedy is less poor. We miss W. C. Fields this season, but Johnny Dooley is always good for a couple of violent laughs and Lester Allen will no doubt be greatly relieved to know that we are getting around to thinking him funny too. Either he is getting better or we are undergoing a softening process in one of our brain lobes. We have a horrible suspicion that the latter is the case.



AMONG the assets of this year's "Scandals" are (1) a Jewel Shop number, (2) the London Palace Girls, who keep step much better than we could ever possibly do, (3) Winnie Lightner, who, by dint of very hard work, succeeds in putting over several songs which are hardly worth the trouble, (4) Tom Patricola, a very good dancer and comedian, (5) the curtain from the Folies Bergère.

Things we could have easily dispensed with were (1) you won't believe it, but there is a Hawaiian Hula-Hula

number right out of the files of 1921-22, diaphragms and everything, (2) the aforementioned Prohibition editorial, (3) a song called "Let's Be Lonesome Together," all right as a song, but confusing in its setting of goldfish and canaries. If there is some symbolism in goldfish and canaries which we missed, we will print a retraction later.

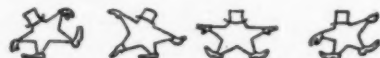


ON the program of "Helen of Troy, N. Y." are printed the following notes:

"Owing to the utter unimportance of the plot, late-comers will *Positively Be Seated* at all times during the play.

"In order that future audiences may be kept in suspense, those present are earnestly requested not to reveal the solution of the love story."

These touches, together with a certain freshness in the dialogue, are about all there is to indicate that the book of the musical comedy was written by Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly, the satiric authors of "Dulcy" and "To the Ladies." There are a large number of amusing lines, it is true, but over it all one feels the watchful eye of the God of Musical Comedy who has decreed that nothing shall ever be produced which is not built in his image, even to the little heroine in the center of the stage sobbing her heart out to the strains of the waltz song-hit as the curtain falls on the first act. As we remember it, this same team of writers had a burlesque of this very number in "The 49'ers" last winter. It is barely possible that, in presenting it seriously this summer, they are just up to their old tricks again and are kidding the public which rejected it when it was burlesque.



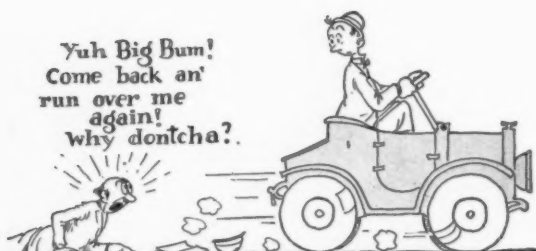
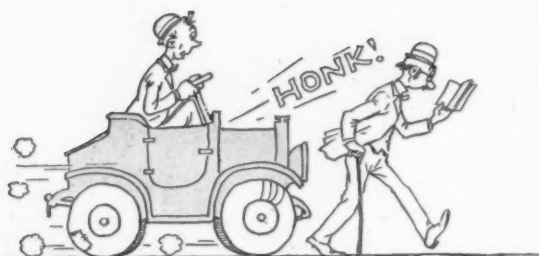
BUT, aside from its conformity, "Helen of Troy, N. Y." is very good entertainment, and we have never heard that conformity militated against a show's success. The music, without being anything much to brag about, is pleasant, and Helen Ford in the title rôle makes it even pleasanter. Queenie Smith, with a tremendous number of good lines, an excellent comedy sense and a pair of feet that make toe-dancing something new in our life, stops the show with the regularity of a traffic-policeman, and Charles Lawrence brings a new personality to life in the person of *Theodore Mince*, the Yarrow Collar model, a character which threatens to become our favorite in musical comedy literature.

In fact, in looking back over "Helen of Troy, N. Y.," we aren't so sure that it *isn't* pretty fairly unusual at that.

Robert C. Benchley.



IMMIGRANT NO. 15,001



THE PEEVED PEDESTRIAN AND THE OBLIGING MOTORIST

How to Build Up Your Golf Score

By Sandy McDudd McDuffer

These are choice extracts from the code notes of that distinguished golf expert, Sandy McDuffer, who has been playing golf all his life and has never in any tournament qualified higher than the fourth sixteen. His instructions faithfully followed will add from 20 to 65 strokes to your score without the slightest detention from business.

WITH particular reference to the drive, tee up your ball as high as it will stand without rolling off. This will help you to hit under it. Stand as far away from the ball as you can get, thus insuring a fine slice. Let the back swing be made very rapidly, starting with the wrists. If you can manage to hit the back of your neck with the club, so much the better. *Don't look at the ball.*

At the moment of impact, if there is one, duck your knees. This improves your chance of missing the ball cleanly. Keep both feet on the ground all the time. Some authorities are against this, but I have known only three players who have dislocated their hips by so doing. If you find the back swing wearies you, rest the club on your shoulder a moment before starting the downswing.

We hear a lot about the necessity of the "follow through." In my opinion, the thing has become a fetish.* The follow through makes little difference one way or another.

Off the tee, always paste the ball as hard as you can. Make up your mind to bust the darn thing. This kind of swing will throw you entirely off your balance, a topped ball invariably resulting. When addressing the ball, (1) stiffen every muscle in your body, especially those of the abdomen; (2) inhale deeply and hold your breath until your eyes nearly burst from their sockets; (3) swing; (4) exhale.

Once again, *don't look at the ball.* This sounds elementary but the number of excellent golfers who are continually forgetting this essential, is really surprising.

Above all things, *NEVER PRACTICE.* Nothing spoils a perfectly natural free-and-easy style like practice. After all, the charm of golf is that one never knows what is going to happen next. But if one practices diligently, presently one does know and the result is a deadly mathematical monotony.

A. E. Thomas.

* Or "effetish"—Ed.

The Rise and Fall of Cosmetics

THE Cave Woman:	Sun and wind.
The Biblical Lady:	See any Palmolive ad.
The Mediæval Damsel:	Rain-water.
The Colonial Dame:	Blushes.
The Antebellum Queen:	Home-made preparations.
The Flapper:	Valspar and Sherwin-Williams.
Milady of To-day:	Mud.

Office of the Censor

DEAR SIR:

Following is the report of His Supreme Censorship on your poem which runs:

- (1.) *Fifteen men on the dead man's chest,*
- (2.) *Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum;*
- (3.) *Drink and the Devil had done for the rest,*
- (4.) *Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum.*

In Line 1 the words "Fifteen men on the dead man's chest" must be deleted as in the opinion of the Censor they would foster the sentiment of overcrowding.

In Line 2 the words "a bottle of rum" must be deleted as being deleterious to the morals of the community.

In Line 3 the word "drink" must be deleted; see opinion on preceding line.

In Line 3 the words "The Devil had done for the rest" must be deleted, it being the opinion of the Censor that

the fall of a man is due to his own inner waywardness and not to the machinations of any agency outside him.

In Line 4 the words "a bottle of rum" must be deleted. See opinion on Line 2.

The Censor therefore sanctions the following version of your poem:

.....
Yo-ho-ho and
and.....
Yo-ho-ho and

Faithfully yours,

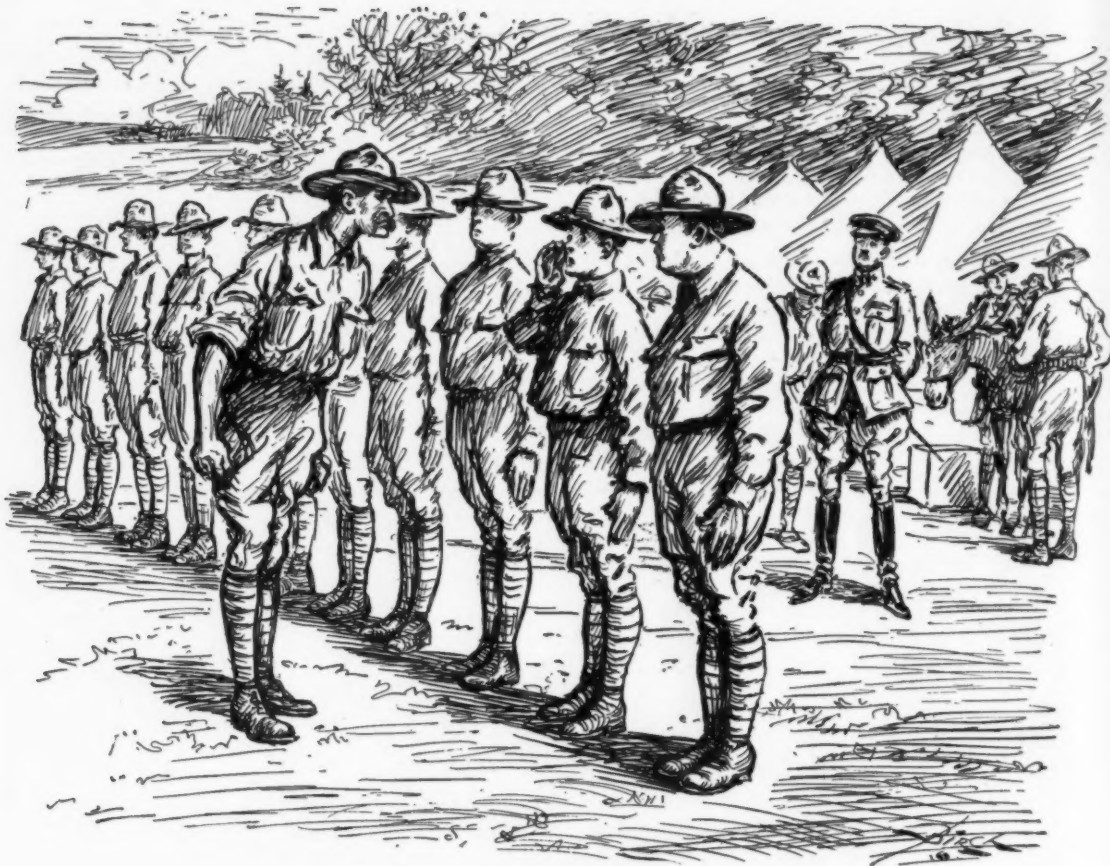
B. GLUMM, *Secretary to the Censor.*

P. S. A revised opinion has just come from the Censor in which he demands the deletion of the words "Yo-ho-ho" in Lines 2 and 4 on the ground that they suggest good cheer and hearty noise.

B. B.



NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION
 GOOGLE THE LOUD-VOICED MOUNTS THE FIRST SIGHT-SEEING BUS.



Rookie: PLEASE, SERGEANT, MAY I FALL OUT?
Sergeant (roughly): WHADDYE WANNA FALL OUT FOR?
Rookie: I'VE GOT A TRADE-LAST FOR THE MAJOR.

Ideal Tax Tours

IN case you would like to know where some of your income tax money is going for its summer vacation, we take grim pleasure in outlining a few of the ideal tours on which the Government is sending our Congressmen during the heated term.

Tour A.—The Senate Committee on Hors-d'œuvres, with their wives and children and school-friends of their children who are visiting them for the holidays, will go to Europe, Asia and the pleasanter parts of Africa investigating the different assortments of Hors-d'œuvres furnished by the various restaurants, preparatory to installing an Hors-d'œuvre feature on the menu of the Senate restaurant in Washington. The Government will not furnish cigars for school-friends of Senators' children.

Tour B.—Members of the House Committee on Filtration Problems, together with their families and

domestic staffs, will spend three months at Bar Harbor, Magnolia, and Nantucket, investigating the quality of the sand in those places with special reference to its possible use in Government filter-beds. Members will please bring their own bathing suits.

Tour C.—A corps of Government automobiles will convey members of the Senate Committee on Highways and as many friends as they can crowd into the back seats across the continent on a tour of inspection of the nation's roadways. Stops will be made as often as necessary at the best hotels en route and members of the party desiring to make side-trips to points of interest may do so by paying for their own guide-books.

Tour D.—The House Committee on the Evasion of the Prohibition Amendment will go around from place to place throughout the summer testing the force of the liquor

laws. There will be no definite route laid out but it is expected that considerable ground will be covered. Wives of members will not accompany them.

Tour E.—The Senate Committee on Coast Fisheries will anchor off the Massachusetts coast at various points and get sunburned. Government tenders will lie alongside ready to take members ashore to send official telegrams reporting progress.

The tax-payer will take his customary two weeks fixing up the backyard.

Robert C. Benchley.

Help!

IN Pennsylvania, Gov'nor Giff Is out for Prohibition stiff; He's made the thing a cinch. Oh, Won't kind Heaven send some plan To soften this remorseless man And take the pinch from Pinchot?

Did you drop
your glasses?



Yes, but
they didn't
break



No, I don't believe
your teeth need
anything now. Come
around again
in six months
as usual



It cost us nine
dollars for
repairs, the
last
time
you forgot
the
front
door
key



Here
is one
that is
open



Have you
any rooms?



Yes, I have
just one
left.

I thought I'd
have to take up the
floor, but I
won't



Whose umbrella
is this?



I don't know.
Somebody
left that
here

don herold



THE THREAT

"WILL-IE! COME HERE THIS INSTANT! DO YOU WANT ME TO GO OUT AFTER YOU?"

Books That We Are Awaiting

THE early summer lists of the publishers contained the titles of many books of many kinds promising entertainment and instruction for all sorts and conditions of readers. But these lists would have been even more attractive had they announced the early appearance of certain other volumes by persons who are just now more or less prominent in the public eye. For example, we can not but regret that there is no immediate probability of the publication of "My Search for the Spot-light" by the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, or of "Mind in the Half-Baking" by Professor James Harvey Robinson.

An equally cordial reception would await "A Nude Descending a Staircase: a Cubist Autobiography" by Mrs. Asquith and "The Indelicacies of the Season" by Mr. James Branch Cabell. There would also be a keen curiosity to peruse "A Plea for Progressive Polyandry," by an anonymous authoress who has recently announced her third engagement to be married, her first and second husbands being still alive. Nor could any serious student of our native tongue resist the appeal of "Thoughts on Style" by Mr. Theodore Dreiser and of "What Education Has Done to Me" by Mr. Upton Sinclair. It may be doubted, however, whether any of the volumes in this premature catalogue would be more startlingly unexpected than "The New Paradise Regained, or Russia as the Garden of Eden," by the Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

Now that the *Commoner* has expired, that is to say, now that this paper is going to be even less common

than it had been of late, the many millions who hang on the words of Mr. W. J. Bryan would rush to purchase his answer to the timely question, "Is My Servant a Monkey?"

Alas, the date of publication of every one of these books is far in the future, and we may have to wait for them indefinitely—it may be for years and it may be forever. We must possess our souls in patience. If the authors of these books have not yet written them, all we can do is to express our ardent hope that they will get to work as speedily as may be. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.

A. Z.

The Beauties of a Modern Summer Resort

THE superb taxi service.
The punctual delivery of the city papers.
The well-equipped shops.
The highly organized traffic system.
The up-to-date moving-picture theatres.
The amply supplied bootleggers.
The comfortable stock-broker's office.
The fashionable roadhouse.
The efficient telephone service (to town).
The proximity to town.

A QUEER old world! The shrinking that charms in the violet, maddens in the flannel.

The Egotist

"WHAT I don't know," Sir Crabtree said,
 "Is seldom worth the knowing;
 The crop my neighbor harvested
 Was hardly worth the sowing.

"The pleasures that I cannot bear
 Should henceforth be abolished;
 The treasures that I cannot share
 Should straightway be demolished.

"For me there's neither peace nor mirth
 In time of rest or labor,
 Unless I supervise the earth
 And regulate my neighbor."

Elias Lieberman.

Literal

SHE read, deeply absorbed, in a worn leather book. And I, unforgivable as it was, peeked over her shoulder. This is what I found her reading:

"This is the True Word. And ye that are happy to have It, should not keep It unto yourselves. Reach ye out and spread the Word to your brothers and sisters in darkness, that they, too, may know, and rejoice...."

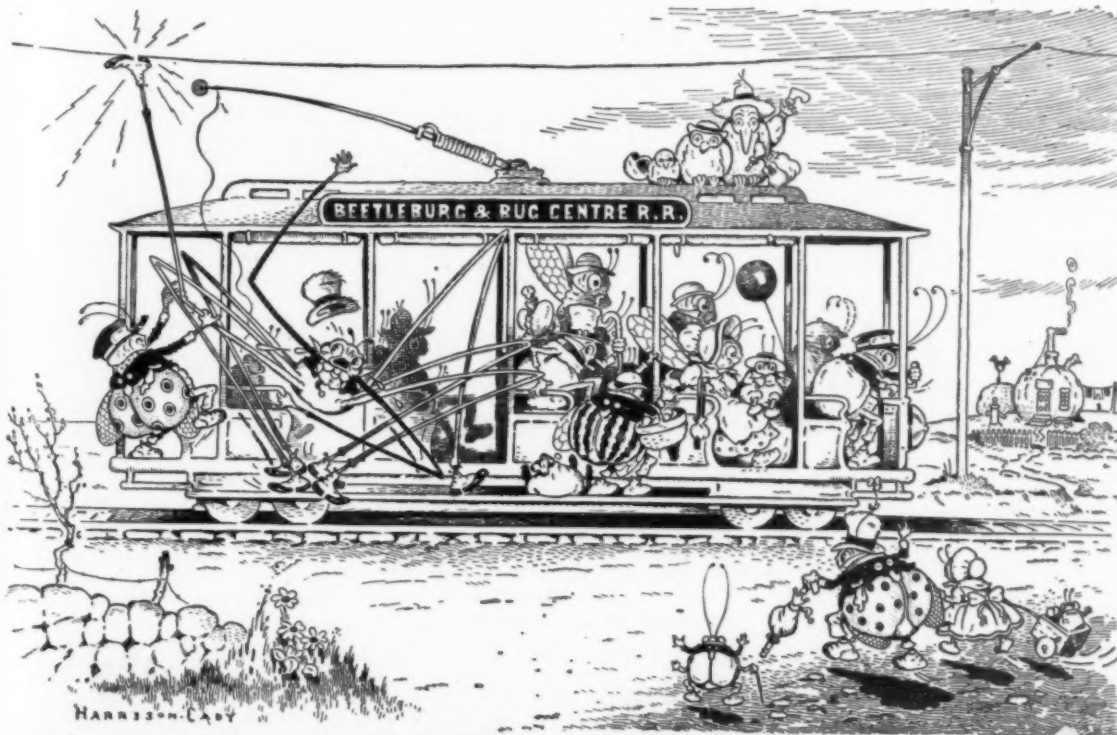


"DID YOU PAY THE PLUMBER WHAT YOU OWED HIM?"
 "MORE."

Then, she looked up, saw me, and closed the book with a bang.

"Young man," she exclaimed, "please mind your own business!"

THE farmer wants nothing new or startling. Time and a half for overtime and two weeks' vacation with pay during the summer will do.



Irate Daddy Long-Legs: WOW! SOMETHING'LL HAVE TO BE DONE WITH THIS NEAR-SIGHTED CONDUCTOR. THIS IS THE THIRD TIME HE'S MISTAKEN ONE OF MY LEGS FOR THE TROLLEY POLE.



"Penrod and Sam"

IT is well known by all constant readers of this powerful department that the best movie actors are children and dogs. Lacking the self-consciousness, the posiness of adult actors, they can afford to be more natural, less studied and consequently more direct in their appeal.

There are any number of children and one dog in "Penrod and Sam," and because they have been directed by a man who understands children and dogs, and respects them, they are wonderful. It is an exceptionally fine picture.

The plot of "Penrod and Sam," or rather the sequence of ideas which takes the place of a cut-and-dried plot, is taken from Booth Tarkington's stories. It is the best treatment that Mr. Tarkington has ever received on the screen.

There is nothing smart, or fresh, or precocious about the *Penrod* and *Sam* of this picture—as they are directed by William Beaudine and acted by Benny Alexander and Joe Butterworth. In Marshall Neilan's production, *Penrod* was all wrong. Neilan represented him as an obnoxious trickster, instead of a dreamer whose calculated misbehavior was inspired by the loftiest and most exalted ideals.

There is none of that in "Penrod and Sam." It is a picture of true boys and, as such, reflects vast credit on those who made it.

THE producer of "Penrod and Sam" was J. K. McDonald, who recently sponsored an ill-fated series of two-reel comedies based on the "Penrod" idea. These little films were well received everywhere, but they

were crowded out in one of those raw deals that are likely to happen in the best-regulated industries.

I am glad to see that Mr. McDonald has arrived at last. He is one producer who deserves all the encouragement that he can get.

"Daughters of the Rich"

A NOVEL idea is advanced in "Daughters of the Rich." This daring photodrama has the audacity to intimate that there is something wrong with our modern plutocratic civilization. It even goes so far as to suggest that society is rotten at the core.

The society people in "Daughters of the Rich" are a shallow, vicious, hypocritical lot. They engage in loveless marriages, they stage incredible orgies, they wear dress suits that rent for as much as \$7.50 a day; and it is not until they actually encounter a pure and beautiful love that they begin to understand the finer and better things of life.

When a film like "Daughters of the Rich" comes along, with its devastating exposures and its high-toned moral lessons, the only available comment is, "Aw—tell that to the morons."

"The Law of the Lawless"

JUST as "The Sheik" was a good, average Western with the cowboys dressed up as Arabs, so "The Law of the Lawless" is a good, average "Sheik" with the Arabs dressed up as gypsies. All pictures of this type get back to the old Ince formula: the characters have different names, but the horses are just the same.

"The Law of the Lawless" is a much better picture than "The Sheik." Its story is more intelligent, its action more consistent and it is played in a faster tempo. Victor Fleming has directed it well, and has two expert pantomimists, Dorothy Dalton and Theodore Kosloff, to carry out his ideas.

Charles de Roche, the highly touted French actor who was to succeed Valentino, makes his first local appearance in "The Law of the Lawless." He has the same young-Greek-god type of beauty as Carpentier, but he lacks the Georges punch. When he smiles, mincingly, he shows only two of his teeth, and he uses altogether too much make-up on his eyes.

I am not one to insult our gallant Gallic allies. I don't want to commit myself on Poincaré's policy in the Ruhr, or on Clemenceau's attitude toward the reparations question. But the fact that Charles de Roche is a Frenchman can not save him from being branded as a ham actor.

Warning!

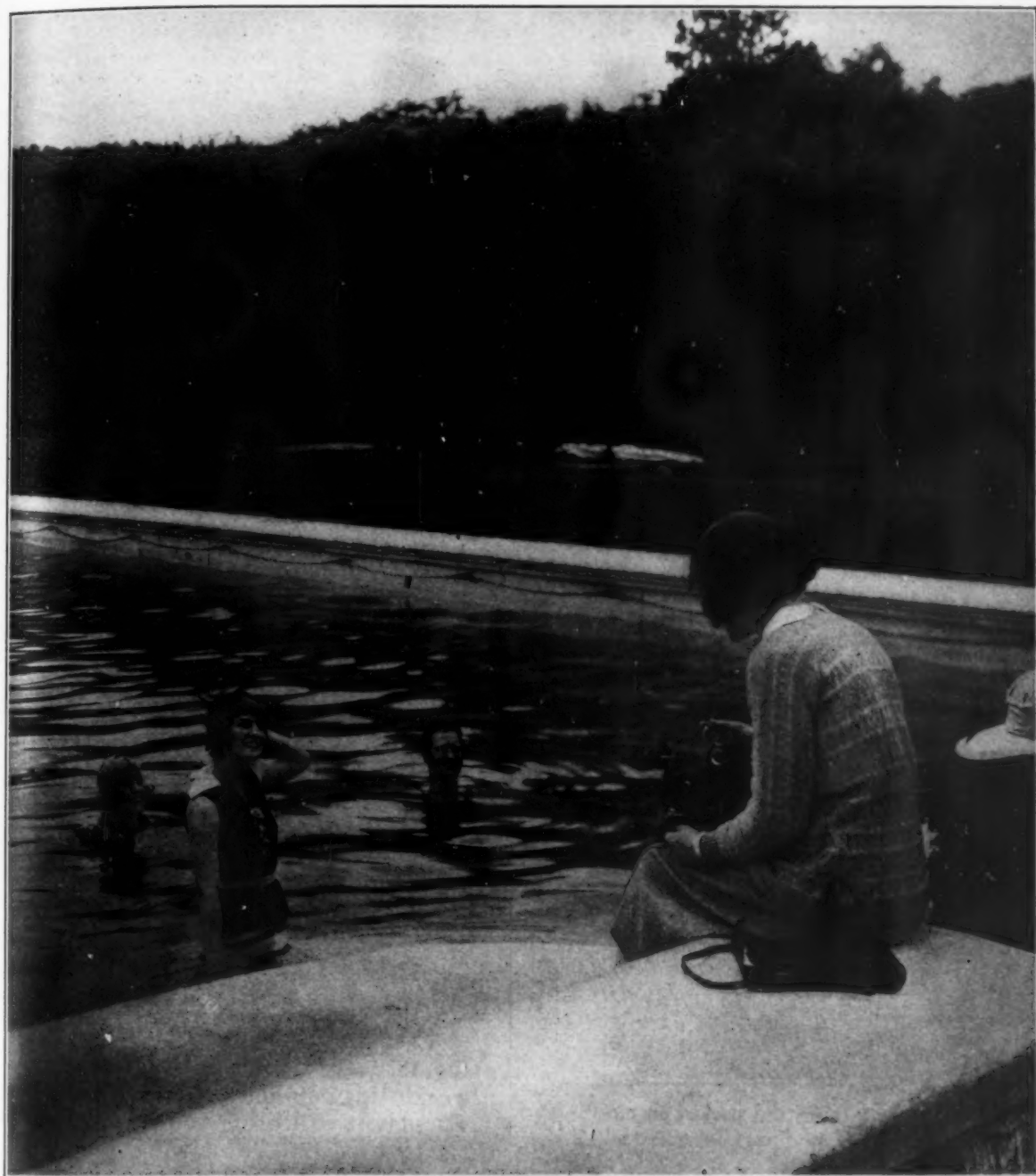
THESE are the hot dog days, when the great, fun-loving public stays away from the picture palaces which are said to be "20° COOLER INSIDE." The producers, conscious of this, release their feeblest films during the summer.

Consequently, if the general tone of my reviews is a bit crabby, please don't attribute it to inherent ill-nature. Be charitable. Remember that even if you don't have to go to the movies in hot weather, I have.

Robert E. Sherwood.

(Recent Developments will be found on page 33)





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And afterwards you have it all in the album

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



The Crime

"We are all ready to start the game," said the captain of the first convict team.

"So are we," responded the captain of the second convict team. "But who will umpire the game?"

"Well, let's get the game warden," suggested the captain of the first convict team.—*Ohio State Sun Dial*.

A Case of Jealousy

"So Jobson's pretty stenographer has left him. What was the trouble?"

"She caught him kissing his wife."
—*Boston Transcript*.

FIFTY Dutch farmers have come to America to escape taxation. Ah, they little know.—*New York Evening Mail*.

"I SAW a human fly yesterday."
"Where?"

"On the screen, of course."
—*Yale Record*.



Disgusted Vendor: SLUMP IN TRADE? OF COURSE THERE'S A SLUMP IN TRADE! WHAT ELSE DO YOU EXPECT WHEN YOU OFFERS THE PUBLIC EXACTLY WOT IT WANTS, AND THE BLINKIN' PUBLIC DON'T REALIZE IT!
—*Humorist (London)*.

Playing Daddy

Danny was playing. His mother could hear only the sounds of his voice from the next room.

She went into the room and beheld him. He had on an old coat of his father's, and his father's hat, and from his father's coat pocket he was taking the baby's empty bottle and was repeating to an imaginary collection of friends:

"No, sir, don't have any trouble about getting it at all. No, sir, not the least. Can get all I want and the real stuff, too."—*New York Sun and Globe*.

For Safety's Sake

CAUTIOUS MOTHER (at the Zoo): Albert, you'd better finish yer bun before we go into the lion 'ouse; the sight of food always maddens them wild animals!—*Passing Show*.

"He's a witty lad, don't you think?"
"Heavens no. We both subscribe to the same humorous paper."—*Le Rire*.

EVERY time an old bachelor picks up a young baby it bends in a new place.—*Country Gentlemen*.

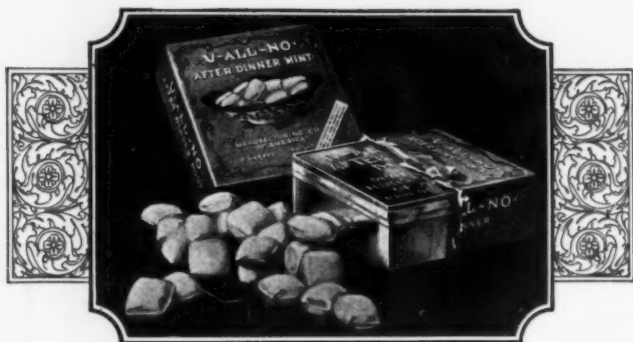
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No Show in Tulsa

Will Rogers, who is leaving the Follies for motion pictures, has been pressed to return to his home town of Tulsa, Oklahoma, and give a show in an armory which seats 10,000 people. "But I'm not going," says Rogers. "Not back there where they all know me. Why, they'd say, 'Will's just talking the way he used to on the street corner 'round here. Old Cap Stallings can talk more than that. This is no show.'"

—New York World.

This England

"I am English, born and bred," announced the political candidate. "My father and grandfather were English, my wife is English, my works are in England and my workpeople are all English. I stand before you as an English candidate." And then a pitying voice came from the audience: "Oh, man, hae ye nae ambeetion ava?"—*Sporting and Dramatic News (London)*.

Ah, Hal Fooled You!

FEDERAL CLERK: Who was the first President of the United States?

CITIZENSHIP APPLICANT: Christopher Columb.

F. C.: I didn't ask you who discovered America.

C. A.: Well, I no said Georga da Wash, ain't it?

—American Legion Weekly.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Return

The home paper said, "Mr. Loaf has returned from college to enter business."

He said, "I had a nervous breakdown from overwork."

And the Dean said, "Get out."

—Princeton Tiger.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Tipperary Way

She was an Irish maid from Tipperary, and when the visitors expected for lunch turned up at 4:30 she explained what had happened.

"Sure," she said. "The masther and misthress waited for ye till three, and then they hoped ye wouldn't come, so they went out."

—London Daily Express.

Countering

FIRST PUGILIST: Call yourself a champeen? I'd knock your block off for two cents.

SECOND PUGILIST: Yeah. That would look like a big purse to you.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A CALIFORNIAN is now photographing people's thoughts. Think pleasant, please.—Boston Transcript.



"YES, WE CAN TAKE YOU UP IN AN AEROPLANE, BUT YOU UNDERSTAND THE CONDITIONS. IF YOU FALL FROM A HEIGHT OF TEN THOUSAND FEET YOU CAN DEMAND AN INDEMNITY FROM US, BUT IN NO CASE WILL WE ADMIT CLAIMS AGAINST US BY YOUR HEIRS."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).



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Time to Re-tire?
Buy

FISK

THE SILENT DRAMA

Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 28)

The Shriek of Araby. *First National*—Five reels of labored burlesque with Ben Turpin dressed as a Sheik.

Only 38. *Paramount*—A quiet little comedy about a widow who finds romance at 38—admirably directed by William de Mille.

Main Street. *Warner*—The movie version of Sinclair Lewis's famous novel. It is a fairly good picture, but a poor reproduction of the book.

A Man of Action. *First National*—Douglas MacLean in a weird contraption of unmythifying mystery and uncomic comedy.

Trailing African Wild Animals. *Metro*—The best picture of wild life in Africa that has come out thus far. The pictorial effect is considerably heightened by the presence of Mrs. Martin Johnson in almost every scene.

Garrison's Finish. *United Artists*—Jack Pickford in a race-track melodrama that was written with a worn-out rubber stamp.

The Girl of the Golden West. *First National*—An old-time thriller of the stage made into an old-time thriller of the screen.

The White Rose. *United Artists*—D. W. Griffith plays upon the harp of human emotions and provokes his hearers to tears—even though many of his notes are decidedly sour.

Sixty Cents an Hour. *Paramount*—A feeble comedy of life behind a soda fountain, with Walter Hiers doing what he can to excite a little laughter.

The Girl I Loved. *United Artists*—Charles Ray in a sad, beautiful picture about a Hoosier boy who is crossed in love.

Fog Bound. *Paramount*—Dorothy Dalton in a melodrama of the Florida Everglades.

For Review Next Week—"Peter the Great."

The Wrong Turning

'TIS vain to ask what turn decoyed,
What road of destiny,
When I became an anthropoid
And you became a tree.

You learned, communing with the
skies,
While earthfully I went,
Your lovely self-sufficiencies,
Your manifold content.

The first amoeba squirms to-day
Within my spirit's cyst,
While you have shown the heavenly
way
To many a Quietist.

We played, some memory yet affirms,
Beneath a primal sun,
Two little friendly schoolboy germs—
And you the clever one. . . .

B. R.

Tastes better out of the
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Books Received

Masques, by Elizabeth Hall Yates (Penn Publishing Co.).
The Friendship Indispensable, by Charles E. Jefferson (Macmillan).
Nobody Knows, by Douglas Goldring (Small, Maynard).
Tragedies of Sex, by Frank Wedekind (Boni & Liveright).
Whose Body? by Dorothy L. Sayers (Boni & Liveright).
My Thirty Years in Baseball, by John J. McGraw (Boni & Liveright).
The Day's Journey, by W. B. Maxwell (Doubleday, Page).
The Peaks of Shala, by Rose Wilder Lane (Harper).
Motor Campercraft, by F. E. Brimmer (Macmillan).
How to Play Pung Chow, by L. L. Harr (Harper).
African Hunting Among the Thongas, by George Agnew Chamberlain (Harper).
Black Armour, by Elinor Wylie (Doran).

Joys of the Road, by Waldo R. Brown (Atlantic Monthly Press).
Human Effort and Human Wants, by Logan G. McPherson (Harcourt, Brace).
On Reading, by Georg Brandes (Duffield).
The Literary Discipline, by John Erskine (Duffield).
The Copper Box, by J. S. Fletcher (Doran).
"Old For-Ever", by Alfred Ollivant (Doubleday, Page).
The Communicating Door, by Wadsworth Camp (Doubleday, Page).
The Geese Fly South, by Mary Bourn (Doubleday, Page).
Contact, by Frances Noyes Hart (Doubleday, Page).
In Dark Places, by John Russell (Knopf).
Selected Poems, by John Masefield (Macmillan).
Geography and Plays, by Gertrude Stein (Four Seas).
Time Is Whispering, by Elizabeth Robins (Harper).

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 from N. Y. Jan. 15th, Westward by specially chartered new Cunarder "Laconia," 20,000 tons; oil burning 4 mos. \$1000 up including hotels, guides, drives, fees. Stop overs in Europe. Visiting Panama Canal, Los Angeles, 18 days Japan and China, Java, option 18 days in India; Cairo, Jerusalem, Athens, Europe etc. CLARK'S 21st MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE Feb. 2, specially chartered White Star S. S. "Baltic," 65 days, \$600 up, including drives, guides, hotels, fees. 18 days Palestine and Egypt.
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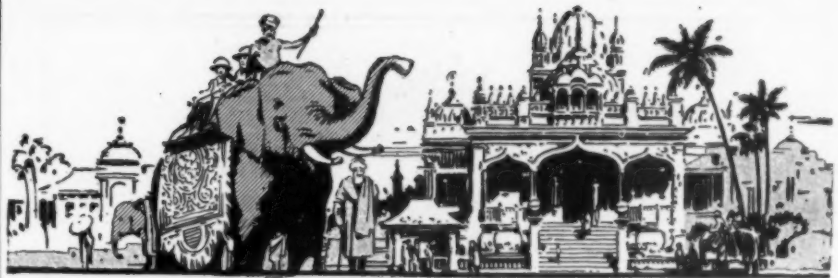
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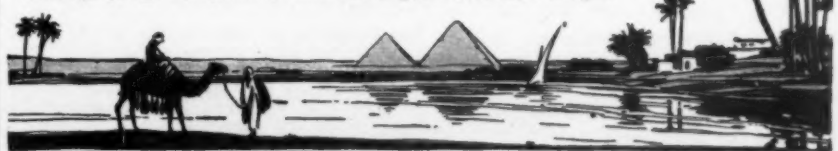
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Can't Fool Us

THERE was a certain spirit which, having become a trifle lonely, decided it would like to return to earth for a short visit. Although its behavior was quiet and unostentatious, the spirit was presently halted by a person who said:

"You are under arrest. I am an agent of the Society for the Detection of Psychic Frauds. Before you can proceed farther you must prove your authenticity. Can you play chords on a phosphorescent mandolin, or manipulate the tambourine?"

"Alas," said the spirit, "I have had no musical training."

"Can you do slate writing under rigid test conditions?"

"Only in Hebrew characters," said the spirit.

"Have you any ectoplasm with you?"

"I never heard of it."

"Then you are obviously a fraud. I will take you before the test committee."

But the spirit, with the ghost of a tear in its eye, had returned to its cozy quarters overlooking the Styx. It was denounced, in the next number of the *Scientific American*, as the most transparent fake of the year.

S. K.

MEN take vacations; women seize them.

CAREY PRINTING CORPORATION
New York City-Bethlehem-Philadelphia

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 9)

stilted and one-sided conversation which prevailed with the stewards who showed us about, being at some pains to utter the few platitudes possible, such as, This is a nice large room, and Oh, an open fireplace!...Luncheon at Marge's, and Kate Mitchell dropped in, and while we sat in dejection over the failure to get a bridge fourth, a woman sent by the agents came to look at Marge's place, which is for lease, and forasmuch as her manner and apparel bespoke her well, we did ask her if by the grace of God she happened to play auction and had naught better to do, so she stopped with us for several rubbers, all very merry. And she did invite us to her house next week for luncheon, and I mean to go, albeit Sam says that he expects, from my ingenuousness in regard to strangers, to be called to the morgue any day to identify me.

July
7th

A long-distance call from Sam, and I a-twitter because I could think of naught to say to him save that I loved him, a point on which he interrogated me, and that it was warm here. Which seemed scarce worthy of the toll charges. . . All day at letters and accounts, and I thank God I can discharge my indebtedness, having kept out of shops throughout June. . . At cards all the evening, with Amy as partner, and as she recognizes naught but her local conventions, a game with her is somewhat like riding on a roller coaster. Obligated to pay her losings, too, as she considers it ungodly to play for money.

Baird Leonard.

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WILL READ
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FOR MEN OF BRAINS
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—MADE AT KEY WEST—



"Rotten roads? I should say they *WERE* rotten! And slippery—! We nearly skidded into the ditch twice."

"You ought to use Kelly Cords, old man. They'd save you a lot of worry."

THERE is scarcely a car owner who has not heard motorist friends praise Kelly Cords. Yet it is hard for a man to realize, until he has learned from experience, that any tire can be so surefooted on all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather as the Kelly Cord is; or that any tire can give such long mileage under all conditions as the Kelly Cord does. It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

LIFE .

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know it?"

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Satisfy

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(and hence of better taste) than in
any other cigarette at the price.

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